

to get rid of (a) gender oughtn't be so difficult. one may look forward to the peace she finds after growing out of her gender. after all, they can't last forever, can they? some people keep the genders they're given. some make alterations, sometimes so drastic they're beyond recognition. but no one is to be found without one. some may lose sight of it, get it stuck somewhere in the crevices of their couch, or switch it out for another supported gender, but it's hard to find those kinds of exchanges. but there's thought to be some second-hand shops where you can sell your gender, if you ever were to grow tired of it.

before the sale sits a consignee. to this consignee comes a woman from the city who asks to get rid of some second-hand items, among them, their womanhood. they've become sick of it, it's extremely uncomfortable and they don't want any other gender in return. the consignee accepts everything but their womanhood. the consignee says that their womanhood is unsuitable for resale at the moment. the woman thinks about it and then asks if they will be allowed to come in and consign it to the shop later on. "it is possible," says the consignee, "but not now." at the moment there is a great variety of items at the shop as always, and the woman watches as the consignee accepts virtually every other item presented to the consignee by the others who come in. the consignee notices this and laughs at the woman, saying: "if it tempts you so much, try it in spite of my prohibition. but i doubt you'll find anywhere else that is willing to resell it. i am only the most lenient buyer. throughout the city, there are more and more particular buyers. even the consignee in the next neighborhood is extremely picky." the woman has not expected such difficulties: their womanhood ought to be profitable anywhere, it's in perfect condition, and after all, genders are always in high demand. but as they now look more closely at the selections of the consignee, they decide that it would be better to wait until they get the item accepted by this consignee, rather than try to take their business elsewhere.

the consignee allows the woman to sit in the shop. they sit there for days and years. they make many attempts to sell their womanhood, and the consignee has grown weary of their requests. the consignee often interrogates the woman briefly, questioning them about the history of their gender and many other thing, but they are indifferent questions, and at the end, the consignee always tells them once more that their womanhood can't be accepted for resale yet. the woman, who has set their life to ridding themselves of their gender, spends everything, no matter how valuable, to win over the

consignee. the consignee takes it all, only to say, "i am taking this only so you do not think you have failed to do anything. during the many years the woman observes the consignee almost continuously. they forget the other buyers, and this one seems to them the only obstacle to selling their womanhood. they curse the unlucky circumstance, in the first years thoughtlessly and out loud, later, as they grow old, they still mutter to themselves. the woman becomes childish, and since in the long years at the shop, they have come to know the many employees and shoppers to come and go, they even ask them to help them persuade the consignee. finally the woman's eyesight grows weak and they do not know whether things are really darker around them or whether their eyes are merely deceiving them. but they recognize now that the consignment shop is going out of business. now the woman no longer has much time to live. before their death they gather in their head all their experiences of the entire time up to into one question which they have not yet put to the consignee. the woman signals for the consignee's attention with their weakening body. "what do you still want to know then?", says the consignee. "you are insatiable." "you've accepted every single item that has been presented to you," says the woman. "so how is it that you have not accepted my womanhood to be resold in the shop?" the consignee sees the woman already dying and, in order to reach their diminishing sense of hearing, shouts at them, "no one else can use this gender, since this gender is assigned only to you. we cannot sell it. the shop is closed now."